

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE SALESMAN COURAGEOUS

By Edgar A. Guest
He came in as a salesman, head erect he said to me: "I am selling here a product which I think you'd like to see. It's a handy thing for men folk, it's a useful thing for wives, It's a clever new invention made for sharpening carving knives." And I paid to him a dollar without giving it much thought, But I've learned some things about him since that article I bought.

He sold me on the merits of the thing he had to sell, Never let me guess that morning what a story he could tell; I thought him somewhat better than the common run of men, But the burden of his sorrow wasn't even hinted then. We were just two busy mortals working out our little lives, I a writer, he a salesman of a thing for sharpening knives.

Of the losses he had suffered, not a word he spoke to me. He came to talk on business, not to ask for sympathy. He was down through grim misfortune, as I later came to learn, But was fighting for existence till the wheel of luck should turn, And was just too game to whimper any sad and sorry tale, On the merits of his product he would make or lose a sale.

So I hail that fellow's courage and I mark him as a man, One too big to ask for business on the common beggar's plan. No apology he offered for the thing he had to sell.

He would not affect my judgment by the sorrows he could tell;

And I give this illustration of one brave man I have met.

Who would not display his heartaches for the business he might get.

SILAS PETERMAN'S INVESTMENT

The little girl in the faded dress trudged determinedly down the road. In one hand she carried a pail of blackberries, with the other she twisted and untwisted a string of her pink sunbonnet. She wore no shoes or stockings, but under the pink sunbonnet a pair of steady blue eyes looked out upon the world, undaunted by any hardships. Myrtilla Lucy was not a stranger to them.

All at once she stopped. She set down her pail of berries and looked in the direction of a large grey stone building, not so very far from where she stood. Her blue eyes gleamed, her lips parted in a smile, revealing even rows of teeth as white as seed pearls. She drew a long breath.

"It looks good, that school does," she whispered. "Oh, if I could go there and learn things; I'm prayin' that I can."

She stood there a moment longer gazing at the big stone building gilded by the splendor of a summer's sun then she picked up her pair of berries. She walked on until she came into closer view of the village nestling in the valley. Once she stopped to examine her foot that cut suddenly on a stone; but she soon resumed her walking, trudging bravely on in spite of pain and weariness. She came at last into the town, with its beautiful residences, its wide streets, its well-kept lawns. At the largest and most imposing of these residences she stopped. She walked up the stone steps leading to the lawn, then to the broad, gravelled walk up to the large porch. She knocked at the massive door.

A moment later a white-capped maid answered it. When she saw the barefooted little girl in faded dress she frowned.

"If you have anything to sell, you should go around to the back door," she said sharply. "No one but callers come here."

The little girl pushed back her sunbonnet.

"I ain't got anything to sell and I am a caller, too," she answered with a certain childish dignity. "I've come to see Mr. Peterman."

The maid started.

"Law," she cried. "You ain't got no kind of a chance to see Mr. Peterman. He's the busiest man in town. He hasn't time to spend on little girls like you."

The child's eyes suddenly filled with tears. "But I've walked eight miles," she said, resolutely wiping back the tears. "I've brought him these blackberries, too, and I must see him. I can't—her little lips set themselves in firm and

sudden lines—"I can't go home until I do see him."

The maid looked at her again, at the weary little figure; the bare, dusty, small feet; the determined gleam of the blue eyes.

"Well, wait a minute," she said unkindly, "and I'll see what Mr. Peterman says." A moment later she came out. "You can come in," she announced briefly. The little girl followed the maid through a wide and spacious hall into another room, where a man sat busy with some papers at a table. He had grey hair, sharp, shrewd eyes, and strong, rugged features. There was a stern, sad look on his face, as if he seldom smiled. He lifted his head when the two came in. The maid spoke.

"This is the little girl, Mr. Peterman," she said.

Silas Peterman pushed away his papers.

"Well," he said, as the maid turned away, "what is it you want with me?" The little girl came nearer.

"May I sit down, sir?" she asked in sweet, clear voice. "You see, I've walked a long way and once I cut my foot on a stone in the road."

"What did you take such a long walk for?" demanded Silas Peterman, still gruff. "There, sit down, then."

The little girl took the chair he indicated, still keeping the pail of berries by her side.

"I wanted to see you," she said simply.

"To see me; what for?"

The little girl looked back at him gravely.

"I want to ask you," she began slowly, "if you wouldn't send me to that school for girls on the hill yonder. Folks tells me you've got heaps of money and I thought maybe, when I explain things to you, you wouldn't mind having me for an investment."

"An investment?" cried Silas Peterman.

The little girl nodded.

"Yes, an investment; you see, sir, I've always wanted to learn, but at home I haven't any chance. Mother has five others beside me; and dad, he can't do much, count of his poor health. I thought if I could get you to send me to school, why when I did get educated, maybe I could do something for you. I ain't got no kind of a chance the way things are, so I picked these berries and brought 'em to you for a present, and I made up my mind I'd come out open and honest and ask you to send me to that school. Nobody knows I come, not even mother."

Silas Peterman stared at the small, shabby figure, too astonished to speak.

"What made you come?" he demanded, after a short silence.

The little girl sighed.

"There wasn't anyone else to come to," she replied. "I don't know of anyone that's got any money except you. I heard dad tell mother how rich you were, and that you never yet put any money into anything that wasn't a good investment. And then, I thought I'd come and tell you that I'd be a good investment myself. I'm little now, but I'll grow, and maybe when I'm grown you'll be glad you helped me. You never can tell what will happen in this world. Oh, sir, please send me to school and let me learn. I'll pay it back, truly I will."

"When you get old I'll come and take care of you if you need anyone; but please—please send me to school. The world is just full of things I don't know about. To go without an education is most as bad as being blind. When you don't know anything you can't see with your mind. It's all dark. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

Silas Peterman continued to study the small, earnest face.

"That's a new thought," he answered, "about the mind being blind if one isn't educated. And so," he added reflectively, "you came to me to help you, and you brought me some blackberries."

"Law," she cried. "You ain't got no kind of a chance to see Mr. Peterman. He's the busiest man in town. He hasn't time to spend on little girls like you."

The child's eyes suddenly filled with tears. "But I've walked eight miles," she said, resolutely wiping back the tears. "I've brought him these blackberries, too, and I must see him. I can't—her little lips set themselves in firm and

good pies." She lifted the pail of shining blackberries and placed it on the library table. There was a silence.

"Well," said Silas Peterman at last, "I am inclined to accept you as an investment, much as I know I shall regret it. I've been disappointed a great many times in those I've tried to help, but I'm going to give you a chance. It rests with you whether you make good or not."

The little girl in the faded dress sprang up.

"You won't be sorry," she cried. "I'll learn everything I can, and some day I'll do things for you—"

* * *

"Come along, Myrtilla Lucy, come along," called a man in a blue shirt and overalls one September morning. "Say goodbye to ma and the children. It's time to go." Out from the cabin door a little girl ran swiftly. She wore a clean gingham dress, and this time had on shoes and stockings, but she wore the pink sunbonnet. A slender, stoop-shouldered woman in limp calico gown came out with her, followed by five little children.

"Good-bye, ma," cried the little girl flinging her arms about her mother's neck.

"Did you know," she said gaily "that over twelve years ago Mr. Peterman made an investment? He took a little ragged girl out of a log cabin and sent her to college. I am that investment."

But it was Silas Peterman who spoke this time. He, too, looked down the long years and saw Myrtilla Lucy as she had looked that August day, with her bare feet and faded dress, her eager blue eyes. She had told him then that some day he might need her. A great wave of thankfulness rolled over his heart. He wasn't alone any longer. After all, he had someone to lean on, someone who would stand in the place of his own daughter had she lived. The little barefoot girl in the faded dress had made good. He turned to his physician:

"Yes," he said, and his voice trembled, "she is an investment and the best one I ever made, praise the Lord." Huffner Martin, in "The Central."

* * *

"Well," said Mr. Silas Peterman to the president of the college one day, "how is that little girl I sent you last fall doing? Is there anything to her?"

The president of the college smiled. He was a portly gentleman, with kind eyes. "There is a deal to her," he replied. She's the brightest girl we have. She's at the head of all her classes. She leaves nothing unlearned that comes her way."

"I will," said Myrtilla Lucy, "I will."

As they jogged along in the little rough wagon her father turned to her.

"It beats all that Silas Peterman is going to educate you," he said. "Folks do say that he's powerful close, and yet sending you to school don't look much like it. Well, I'm glad you are to have your chance, Myrtilla Lucy."

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Deaf Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1928.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163rd Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done—
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-besetting sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

THERE is a very strong effort being made in the Province of Saskatchewan, Canada, to have an institution for the education of the deaf in that province. Mr. J. D. Williams, a deaf man, is actively interested in such an establishment, wherein fees for the tuition of deaf children shall be abolished, and the education of the deaf shall be absolutely free.

One of the strong points of an address which he recently made, was in quoting from an address by Mr. George McClure, famed throughout the United States as an editor, thinker and writer on problems concerning the education of the deaf. As all our readers know, Mr. McClure has for many years been editor of the Kentucky Standard, and is one of the most broadly proficient deaf educators of the deaf in this country. The paragraph quoted reads as follows:—

"A hearing child may grow up with out learning to read or write, yet obtain enough education through the ear from people about him to discharge the ordinary duties of citizenship passably well. But the deaf child's mind is a veritable prison house from which there is no escape until the key of language has been given him. He does not know the name of any of the objects about him; the names of his father and mother; or even that he himself has a name. Without education only a dim conception of the Deity is possible and the plan of salvation not at all. His mental life, his industrial salvation, his very soul he finds at school."

There have been one hundred and fifteen deaf children tabulated as residing in the Province of Saskatchewan, and the law relating to their education is designed to be liberal and comprehensive, a term of twelve years of schooling contemplated, and methods and facilities provided to make their education a complete and success.

August C. Kessinger, publisher of the Rome Sentinel and one of the oldest active newspaper publishers of this State, died at his home, in Rome, N. Y., June 30th, at the age of 86.

Starting work on the *Sentinel* seventy-two years ago as a printer's devil, Mr. Kessinger had been with the paper until his death, and since 1864 had been publisher. Though he had not been at his office in the last four weeks, he had not been considered seriously ill. His physician ascribed death to complications induced by his advanced age.

He is survived by two sons, Albert R. Kessinger, editor of the *Sentinel* and Frederick E. Kessinger, of New York, and by two daughters, Mrs. Frank C. Rathbun, of Utica; and Mrs. W. B. Reid, of Rome.

For many years Mr. Kessinger was president of the Board of Directors of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Rome, and greatly influenced its progress. Perhaps it would be proper to say that in building it up to its present efficiency, no single individual has done as much.

AFFLICTED BUT SELF RELIANT

Spartanburg, S. C., Journal.

Mr. McKissick, dean of journalism in the University of South Carolina, returning recently to Columbia from Norway, in Orangeburg county, where he had delivered an address at the closing exercises of the Willow consolidated schools, told The State of a lad he had met at Norway, who had won his state high school diploma under severe handicaps. The State wrote to the superintendent of the schools, G. C. Galphin of Chester, requesting an article on this young man, and Mr. Galphin has written the story here presented.)

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It is with a real feeling of regret that his teachers and fellow classmates see him leave us. But it is with a feeling of assurance that we see him leave, for we know that he will succeed in life just as he had in school life without asking one bit of favoritism because of his handicap.

DEAF-MUTES CONVENE

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia, July 5th, (A. P.)—New methods of instructing deaf-mutes in music and the arts and a project for an international deaf and dumb dictionary, were considered today by the first international congress of deaf-mutes and their teachers which opened here.

Delegates were present from all civilized countries in the world. The congress will attempt a codification of the various teaching systems used in different countries to develop sign-language.—N. Y. World.

SEATTLE

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Johne, who were married at Green River, Wyoming, on June 4th, are now settled in Lewiston, Idaho, where Otto was expecting to start work in the new sawmill there. He is planning to buy a new Ford sport coupe soon, and then he will bring his bride to Seattle and introduce her to us. July 4th, Mr. and Mrs. Johne will spend in Winchester, Idaho, attending the baseball tournament between the Grangeville champions of Central Idaho and the Colton Palouse champions.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Holcombe were the guests of honor at a small dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Hanson on May 19th. The other guests were Misses Sophia Mullin, Bertha Seipp and Alice Hanson, and Messrs. William LaMotte and Lancelot Evans. The Holcombes are living temporarily in an apartment while looking about for the purchase of a bungalow.

Cecil Brown, who was teaching at the Green River, Wyoming, high school last winter, is attending summer at the university.

Miss Doris Nation is spending a week's vacation with Miss Doris Thomson in Wenatchee. The two Dorises are chums, and are having a fine time together. They had a picnic far off in the mountains, by the River Entiat.

Miss Sophia Mullin, having obtained a month's leave of absence from the Bernis Bay Co., traveled down by the comfortable Pickwick Stage to Oakland, where she is visiting a brother, whom she has not seen for eight years. This brother has a brilliant wife and an interesting family of five children, who are all making Sophia feel very welcome. It is her first visit to California, and she is keenly enjoying it all.

Mrs. Gorman recently installed Electro-Kold refrigerators in the various suites in the Alta Vista apartments, owned by her. Her son, Robert, is a salesman with the Electro-Kold Company. In appreciation of her large order, the company sent her an enormous armful of lovely roses.

Alfred C. Goetz, who is now home from school for the summer, spent his first weekend motoring to Rainier as far as the Nisqually Glacier with his aunts, the Misses Emma and Agnes Goetz. Alfred said that he wished he might see a bear. And lo! as though his words had power to conjure, a big brown mother bear and three cubs appeared on the scene. Alfred is now spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter at Port Angeles, where they are putting up a summer home, and later will visit a classmate who lives on a farm at Blaine.

Oscar Sanders started off on his Ford to attend the June 10th, outing at Olympia, and got as far as Des Moines, when the oil ran out and the engine was so injured he could go no further. Oscar had been asked to bring a pound of cheese for his contribution to the picnic feast, and to this he had generously added milk and fruit. So he was not without a little picnic of his own, though we all missed him very much and wondered why he did not show up.

Miss Annie Pitzl was married to Mr. La Roy Bradbury, on June 23d, at 11 o'clock in the morning, in the presence of relatives and close friends.

Annie's sister was her bridesmaid and Roy's brother-in-law, his bestman.

The only deaf people present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lichtenberg, of Tacoma.

The ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest, in deference to the wishes of the bride's parents.

The next day, the 24th, Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury held their deferred reception at the Hanson house.

To this they had sent printed invitations, and over thirty were present.

Annie wore her wedding dress,

a pretty white silk crepe, and looked very charming.

She is a product of the day schools, and when she began to come to our gatherings a few years ago, she knew nothing of signs.

Now she is skilled in their use.

She is a very efficient little lady, and a fine cook, having at one time taken first prize for home-made bread, and Roy is regarded as being fortunate in winning her.

The relatives of the young couple are taking a great interest in them, and have given them an apartment, free of rent, and several practical and substantial gifts, which will give them a good start towards prosperity in their married life.

The Frats held a card party in Carpenter Hall, on June 23d, to raise money for prizes to be given during their outing at Centralia the latter part of this month.

Helen Hanson is spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Marion, in Oakland, having motored down with a friend, Mrs. Hudson, and her son and daughter.

Mrs. W. G. Cassels returned to her home in Medina, early in May, from the hospital in Maywood, Ill., where she had gone for treatment for her broken knee, and where she had remained five months.

She can walk very nicely now with only a cane, and can do most of her housework. It was only wonderful medical skill that brought her through, for her knee was really crushed, and not merely broken.

Mrs. Emily Eaton's niece, formerly Aurebelle Wetherly, of Tacoma, is now Mrs. Davis, the wife of a successful tailor in Tacoma. He is vice-president of the Tailors' Association

of the Pacific Coast, and owns a fine large tailoring shop for both gentlemen and ladies. Business has been so good that recently he purchased a partnership with a Seattle tailor.

Mrs. Sullivan, the sister of Mrs. Barbara Willang, who has been a paralytic for two years or more, recently had another stroke, and is now entirely helpless. She is over eighty years of age, and the vitality which still holds her to life is an amazement to her friends.

THE HANSONS.

July 1, 1928.

Portland, Oregon

THE PORTLAND FRATS' MILLION DOLLAR BANQUET

The wide awake Portland Division, No. 41, of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, celebrated the entrance of the Society into the Million Dollar Class with a banquet June 23d.

The writer, being present, was requested by the regular Portland correspondent to write up the affair for the JOURNAL.

Sixty-two covers were laid at \$1.35 a plate, in the spacious Lincoln Room of Thiele's Restaurant. The leading Frats of Portland and Vancouver, with their wives and sweethearts were there, and at eight o'clock sat down to the following:

MENU	
Oregon Strawberries	
Olivs	
Pickle	
Half Fried Chicken	
Au Gratin Potatoes	
New Carrots and Peas	
Lettuce Salad with Mayonnaise	
Neapolitan Ice-cream	
Cake	
Coffee	

President Coats had arranged for some good speechmaking to follow the dinner, and presented the following:

PROGRAM

G. Dewey Coats, <i>Toastmaster</i>	
1. Toast—"The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf"—Response by	Dr. Olof Hanson
2. The Story of the N. S. F. D.	B. L. Craven
3. The Story of the Portland Division, No. 41	Chas. Lawrence
4. Some Notable Frats	C. H. Linde
5. Fraternity	Chas. Lynch
6. Relation of Education and the Sign Language to the Frat	L. A. Divine
7. Some Facts and Figures about the N. F. S. D.	C. W. Lee
8. Happiness Insurance	J. O. Reichle
9. Are You a Frat?	H. P. Nelson
10. Song—"Out Where the West Begins".	Mrs. Ethel Morton

If a Frat you are not,
You are missing a lot.

Brother Craven, in telling the Story of the N. F. S. D., brought out much interesting and useful information, especially as to the early struggles of the Society, and Brother Lee's Facts and Figures showed that the success of the Society was not due to chance, but to wise and able management under President Anderson and Secretary Gibson.

Brother Lawrence, in telling of the beginnings of the Portland Division related much that was of interest to local members.

Brother Lynch admitted that he did not feel at home on the platform, and this was his maiden speech. His knees trembled terribly as he fumbled for his notes, which were not where they ought to be. His antics brought down the house. But he had something up his sleeve. After much confusion he proposed a toast to Grand President Gibson, and asked all to stand up. This was the signal for a storm of confetti streamers which he had planted all over the room, and for a while the hall looked like a New York welcome to Lindbergh.

Brother Coats as Toastmaster made remarks introducing the various speakers. Miss Ethel Morton closed the program with a song—"Out Where the West Begins," in her vigorous and graceful style. When pressed for an encore, she responded with "Yankee Doodle Dandy," in a manner not equalled by anybody the writer has seen except possibly Mrs. Meagher.

The management just about cleared expenses, which is all they looked for. The meeting closed shortly before midnight, and all agreed that it was a very pleasant and enjoyable occasion.

OLOF HANSON.
Seattle, June 29, 1928.

On Sunday, July 1st, a surprise birthday party was given in honor of Mr. John W. Nesgood. A good time was had by all. Lovely bronze desk sets were given to him by his friends. Those who contributed to his present were Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Borgstrand, Mr. E. Berg, Miss E. Prims, O. Rehling, E. Von Husen, Mr. and Mrs. C. Peterson, Clara Berg, B. Kindell, V. Lind, I. Ruge, C. Hagermann, L. Rabenstein, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ulmer, K. Christgau, Mr. and Mrs. Von Pollintz, A. Kadigehn, W. Nobel, B. Ash, J. Heil, H. Hope, Mrs. L. Dorblut, Mr. W. Eisenstein, Mr. and Mrs. R. Grutzmacher and J. H. Lykes.

Mrs. H. V. Skidmore, with her son, is vacationing in Monticello, visiting her mother and will stay till Labor Day.

The Capital City

The Capital City is fortunate the deaf residents, are lingering on in the Capital even during this warm weather, those who fortunately have cars, they frequent the Maryland and Virginia beaches.

The monument was the center of July 4th celebration, more than fifteen patriotic organizations participating.

Miss C. M. Croft is now living at 1722 Lamont Street, N. W., having moved here again, when her brother Colonel Croft, who was appointed to a post in this city from Governor's Island in New York City. She was seen at the St. Mark's Church and her old friends were glad to see her again.

Mrs. Georgie Decker Coleman was the guest of Mrs. H. L. Tracy Tuesday, June 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heide (Violet Colby), of Detroit, are in town visiting mother and sister and family.

They motored, leaving Detroit Saturday noon and arriving in this city Tuesday noon.

Hunter S. Edington has gone to Arkansas to

CHICAGO

The Fourth of July was observed in a quiet way. The rain early in the morning cooled the air. It cleared up with the sun shining from ten A.M. to a late hour in the afternoon. The deaf enjoyed themselves in various ways.

The Epworth League Chapter meets for half an hour in a devotional meeting during July and August as usual.

The Sunday evening fellowship tea, at the M. E. Headquarters, is suspended during the above named months.

Mrs. Grace E. H. Haskell and her baby, Teddy, returned this week from a two-week visit at and near Detroit with Mr. Haskell's folks. They expect to be at Lake Delavan next week.

Beatrice E. Hasenstab and a fellow worker at the West Side Y. W. C. A. started on an auto trip this week, by the way of Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany for New York City, to study Y. W. C. A. work for six weeks.

Mr. Henry S. Rutherford is on one month's vacation. He plans to spend a part of the month on Franklin Sawyer's farm, and then the balance at Lake Delavan, where he will enjoy himself in pleasant ways.

The Holy Communion services were held at the Ephphatha Church on the morning of Sunday, June 24th, and also at the M. E. Mission on the afternoon of Sunday, July 1st.

A large number of deaf people celebrated the Fourth of July by attending the open-air outing, at the beautiful and wonderful sand dunes in Indiana, under the auspices of the S. A. Club—\$2.00 for the round trip.

Chicago Division, No. 106, has decided to hold its second annual picnic in combination with the 26th annual picnic of the Frats, No. 1, at Polonia Grove, 4600 Archer Avenue, Saturday, July 21st. The former sell yellow tickets and the latter bluish tickets. Both will share the proceeds, according to the number of tickets sold. Tickets, fifty cents a person.

The Ephphatha S. Center will hold a big truck outing, at Lambert, Ill., Sunday, July 29th. A truck will leave the club house at 9:30 A.M. and stop at Archer Avenue and 35th Street to receive passengers living on the South side. Another truck will leave Wisner Street and stop at Western Avenue and Roosevelt Road, to take on passengers living on the West Side. Both trucks will stop at Willow Spring, Ill., for fifteen minutes. After the close of the affair, the trucks will come back on the same routes to discharge its passengers at the above named points.

The colored deaf people gathered at a park for the Fourth of July outing given by the Silent Literary Club for the colored deaf, and passed a pleasant afternoon in merriment.

Mrs. W. B. Hill went to St. Louis last week, for a visit with her folks. Her husband will leave July 19th for the city to join her. After the visit of a few days they will return.

Rev. Flick had a successful operation performed, for the removal of ingrown goiter, at the Illinois Central Hospital, where doctors cut him open near his lungs, took a tumor out of the opening, and then closed it up by sewing it up. Flick endured the painful operation, for a few days without eating anything, and his patience has brought him through the danger at this writing. He will be taken to his home next Monday, July 9th, to rest for one month.

Miss Evelyn Ellison, a graduate of Delavan High School and the Normal College of the American Gymnastic Union, has been added to the faculty of Wisconsin School for the Deaf. She will be instructor in the physical education department when the school term reopens.

Wallace Bray, of Wisconsin University, was spending a ten days' vacation at the home of Superintendent and Mrs. T. Emery Bray, at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf. He will take up summer school work at the university early this month. Wallace's sister, Gwendolyn Ann, completed her course at the Clark teachers' training school in Northampton. Before going to the East, she attended Delavan High School and Boloit College.

Herbert Goff, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Goff, of Madison, Wis., was married to Ethel Redemus last week. After the ceremony, a supper was served to eighty relatives and friends at a reception, given at the bride's parent's home. After that the happy couple left on one week's auto trip through the Northern part of the state. After their return, they will make their home in Delavan, where the groom is in the employ of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Goff were Mrs. Pat O'Brien's schoolmates at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf.

Fred Lee, the promising young color-artist of the *Evening American*, is about to take a two-week auto tour to New York, going via Detroit and Niagara Falls.

BUFFALO

Two dozen friends gave the Evans a surprise party on June 30th, celebrating their fifteenth wedding anniversary. A bouquet of twenty-one dollar bills was presented them, and six tables of "500" were played. The evening was managed by Mrs. Bernard Friedman—bridesmaid at the original wedding. Joe Wondra pulled one of his imitable comic mock marriages to re-marry the happy pair.

The Gus Andersons got back June 30th, from a week's auto tour to Minneapolis and Wisconsin points, bringing Miss Olga Anderson, a teacher in the North Dakota school, to remain two weeks in Chicago. Young Wendall Anderson is spending the balance of the summer with relatives on a ranch in the western section of North Dakota.

Mesdames Zoe Tell and M. D. Stelbon autoed to Elkhart, Ind., over the week-end, to visit and have dinner with relatives on a ranch in the western section of North Dakota.

The parents of Morton Henry spent a week-end with them late in June, enroute home to Philadelphia, after a vacation in California.

The mother of our Helen Franklin announces the marriage of Miss Helen to William Riordan, June 26th, in Minneapolis. It is understood the young couple will reside in Grand Rapids, Mich., where Riordan works.

The Fred Youngs are back from a two-week auto tour to Winnipeg, Canada, and other points.

Albert, the 16-year-old son of the Edward E. Carlsons, was promoted to first lieutenant at the close of the Roosevelt H. S.—in the R. O. T. C.—on completion of his Junior year. He is now taking a summer course, and expects to graduate from Roosevelt next January.

The M. E. flock will leave the "citadel" on Lake Street, and move just south of the Loop—the Ohio building on Wabash, close to Congress. A five-year lease has been signed. June 30th, the M. E. cleared some \$23 towards moving expenses, by giving an entertainment.

Miss Katherine Marks, of Omaha, is visiting her brother on the West Side.

Misses Ruth Atkins and Ella Wheeler—the latter a teacher in the Maryland School for Colored Deaf—took dinner with the Roberts recently, enroute to Kansas. Mrs. Roberts also invited Miss Myrtle Nelson, a colleague of theirs.

"Comin' Through the Rye" was recited in signs before the Eastern Stars, at Ann McGann and Edna Carlson. Little Betty Carlson interpreted.

Henry Maher—who will go down to fame as the man who installed the very first Frat division twenty-seven years ago—is due for three weeks in the North Chicago Hospital as this is written. Operation. He should have gone there weeks ago. Those dear "old timers" are tough birds—hard to kill.

P.

FANWOOD

On Thursday evening, June 28th, the Fanwood Class of 1903 held a reunion at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Renner, to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of their graduation.

The members of the class are Mrs. Minnie Kipp Clarke and Messrs. Fred C. Berger, Harry J. Powell, Alfred C. Stern and William A. Renner. It has remained intact since the day they left school; or rather has increased. Miss Kipp married Mr. E. P. Clarke, a former Fanwood teacher, while Messrs. Stern and Berger did the same early enough to sport grown-up children now. Mr. Renner became a knight of the golden finger-band less than a year ago. Harry Powell alone holds out for single blessedness.

Besides the class and their wives, those present were Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rapolt, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker, Miss Judge, Mr. E. A. Hodgson and Dr. T. F. Fox.

School reminiscences were the chief topic. Old Fanwood report books and snapshots helped brush up forgotten incidents. Letters were read from Mrs. Clarke, who was unable to be present, and also from Mr. I. B. Gardner, Principal of Fanwood. Miss Eva E. Buckingham, who had been with the class from its beginning at the old Mansion House until graduation, delighted all with a letter recalling the days when the perplexing problems of their young lives were successfully solved by the judicious use of a piece of pie and a cookie or two.

Miss Prudence Burchard, another old teacher who stays perpetually young somehow, contributed another letter that was greatly enjoyed.

Dr. Fox and Mr. Hodgson made complimentary speeches, the latter being especially proud of the class, as it was composed entirely of printers who had made a success in their line, being employed almost continuously from the day they left school. Mr. Berger is with the Knickerbocker Press; Mr. Powell is at Scribners; Mr. Stern is an assistant foreman at Bradstreet's, while Mr. Renner is printing instructor at Fanwood.

BUFFALO

Anyone interested in the 1930 N. A. D. convention, and desiring information and free literature should write to A. L. Sedlowsky, Secretary Convention Committee, 89 Walnut Street, Buffalo, N. Y. News from outlying sections of Buffalo and Western New York intended for this column should be sent to the same address.

Subscriptions to JOURNAL and renewals of subscriptions may be sent to Mr. A. L. Sedlowsky, who will forward same to the JOURNAL office.

Miss Winifred Bidell, of Buffalo, spent the week-end of June 23rd in Jamestown, N. Y., with her aunt. After she returned, she was the guest of Mrs. James Daley, of Angola, for a few days. While there she attended the graduation exercises at Angola High School. Mrs. Daley's son, Edward, graduated with honors, having the highest average in his class. And as a reward, he received a handsome bicycle donated by the Emblem Mfg. Co.

Mr. Horace Percy, of Chicago, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ode last Sunday. The Misses Agnes Palmgreen and Catherine Lehman were also guests for the day. Mr. Percy and Mr. Ode are old friends, but had not seen each other seventeen years, so naturally both were overjoyed at meeting once again. Mr. Percy had to go back to Chicago again the same day, as he came to see the Falls on an excursion train, but preferred to stop in Buffalo and stay with Mr. and Mrs. Ode for the day. We all hope he enjoyed his visit to Buffalo and will be our guest in 1930.

Miss Doris Myers, a teacher in the Pittsburgh, Pa., School for the Deaf, is back home in Niagara Falls for the summer vacation. We had the pleasure of meeting her at the Falls when we attended the O. A. D. excursion there on Tuesday, July 3d, and found her a quiet, charming and modest young Miss. She is a product of the Rochester School for the Deaf and, as might be expected, a credit to that institution. Miss Myers is returning to Pittsburgh to resume her duties this fall.

Miss Winifred Bidell and her fiancee, Mr. Frank Martins, of Eden, N. Y., spent the afternoon and evening of Sunday, July 1st, as the guests of Miss Lengarde Uebachler, at Hamburg, N. Y.

Visitors in Buffalo this week end are the Misses Rueter and Sandler, of Montreal, Canada. Both of them attended the Toronto convention, and from there travelled to Buffalo, where they will remain until the 15th. The Misses Caswell and Patrick, of Canada, are also weekend visitors.

Of course, some would consider it highly unethical for us to write about the recent O. A. D. convention, which was held in Toronto from June 30th to July 4th. Without a doubt Mr. H. W. Roberts, who covers that territory for the JOURNAL, will give its readers a better and more concise account of the convention proceedings. But since Mr. Roberts has so kindly given us permission to write about it from a visitor's viewpoint, we will go ahead. First of all, we wish to voice our appreciation of the excellent and efficient way the affair was handled. A lot of praise is due to the officials in charge and to the deaf people of Toronto, whose unselish work and unstinted loyalty made the affair what it was—a huge success. Your correspondent made it a point to mingle freely with the crowd. In this way we were able to "listen-in" on the opinions and viewpoints expressed. If it means anything to the officials who were in charge, we might state that we heard nothing but words of appreciation and admiration for these efficient officials. May we add ours?

One of the pleasing features about that convention was the free banquet tendered to all members, thanks to the money provided by the City of Toronto. But what pleased us most was the opportunity offered us in meeting the Hon. Dr. C. B. Coughlin, Superintendent of the Ontario School for the Deaf; the Misses Deanard, Ford, Balin and James; and last but not least, Mr. George F. Stewart. All are teachers of that institution. Mr. Stewart was also editor of the school paper, "The Canadian." We were happy to meet Mrs. Waggoner, of Hamilton, the retiring president of the O. A. D. The charming Mrs. Waggoner certainly handled her office in a most efficient manner, so it was no surprise to us when we saw that a lot of the members wanted her re-elected. We believe we saw Mrs. Waggoner at her best, directing the pageant and entertainment in the auditorium of Jarvis Collegiate on Saturday evening, June 30th. Nowhere have we seen a better exhibition of directorial ability. A hearing friend we had with us remarked that Mrs. Waggoner could beat many hearing directors hands down. There's our a sentiment, too.

Buffalonians who attended the convention were James J. Coughlin, Chairman of the Local Committee in charge of the 1930 N. A. D. convention; A. L. Sedlowsky, Secretary and Publicity Manager of the convention; Sol. D. Weil, Treasurer; William Haenszel, member of the Executive Committee; Roy Marina, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Coughlin, R. E. L. Smythe and a few others. Owing to vague information handed them, a lot of Buffalonians who went to Niagara Falls, for the purpose of joining their Canadian cousins in making merry, got lost in the shuffle. We hear that quite a large number arrived there later in the evening after the Canadians had taken the trolley cars to the boats, so there was nothing for the Buffalonians to do but return home. Certainly it was a tough break. Mr. C. L. McLaughlin came over from Rochester to meet some of his Canadian friends in Niagara Falls. Several Niagara Falls people were also there.

Mr. L. Sedlowsky, of Buffalo, led a party of Canadians across the bridge to the American side, acting as guide. The American Immigration officer put the same query to each visitor, viz: "Where were you born?" Both the immigration official and Mr. Sedlowsky, who stood by his side, had a hard time controlling their laughter.

A. L. Sedlowsky, of Buffalo, repeats the relish the answer given by one young fellow, who wrote on the pad handed him: "Yes, I was born" Both the immigration official and Mr. Sedlowsky, who stood by his side, had a hard time controlling their laughter.

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Mr. Sedlowsky, of Buffalo

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

On Saturday evening, June 30th, an extremely delightful conspiracy was executed with tantalizing spasms of blissful hysterics to the victim, and to the conspirators and their co-operators it meant only a state of great purring satisfaction.

The "unfortunate" victim was Mrs. William Burke, better known as Wanda, one of the most popular of deaf-mutes residing in New York, and incidentally the most intelligent and proficient psalmist. The conspirators were Miss Mabel Hall, Miss Nettie Miller and Mrs. Sol Garson. The co-operators in this bold enterprise were Miss Ethel Breneisen, Miss Jessie Garrick, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Lux, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McCarthy, Messrs. Sol Garson, Harry J. Powell, Edward C. Elsworth, Herbert Diekman and Joseph Karus. The youngest conspirator completed the list with the presence of Frances, a smart-to-goodness child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lux.

The plot was hatched under exceedingly crafty atmosphere. Mr. and Mrs. Garson had invited the Burkes (intentionally, of course) to dine with them at the Garson residence on the noon of that memorable day on a pretext that they desired to celebrate their eleventh wedding, which fortunately occurred on the same day, thus assuring the plotters a great aid.

With the Burkes safely tucked away, Miss Hall with the aid of charming Jessie and the mother of Miss Miller took possession of the Burke dwelling; transformed the dining room into a veritable fairyland with dainty decorations on the table, all the appetizing goods emitting delicious odors.

The guests began coming in at six, and whiled away the time with all kinds of conversation, while waiting for the scheduled appearance of the Garsons and the Burkes at eight. Due to fixed agreement between Mr. Burke and the Garsons, he began to complain to Wanda of the sudden attack of cramps while at the Manhattan Frat picnic, and begged to go home.

Imagine Wanda's great astonishment, when she found all doors in the home tightly closed. Venturing with all the earmarks of a timid mouse into the dining room, wondering what on earth could be the matter. Before she had time to recover from astonishment, in came bursting the laughing friends: hugs, kisses, handshakes tears of happiness everywhere evident. Poor Wanda was out of her wits, for the surprise was complete, sincere and thorough.

Then to the tune of "Marching Through the Rye-Fields" the guests were consigned to the table, with the surprise-faced Wanda vaguely feeling her way to the head of the table staring blankly at the laughing perpetrators. For an hour or so thereafter the teeth furnished the "music"—chewing, grinding, cracking, etc.

Before gifts were to be presented to Wanda, a little poem penned by Mr. Garson in celebration of Wanda's sterling personality was rendered.

Finally innumerable gifts of various and useful descriptions poured in one by one, thus increasing happiness to Wanda, as she opened each package, eyes dimming with tears. Two gifts from Miss Alice Judge and Miss Craig, who were unable to be with the party for certain causes gladdened Wanda's heart beyond power of words.

No party can ever be finished off without games. Quite naturally, games followed. This time, however, precedents had been smashed into smithereens, for the games were novel, entertaining, almost brain-teasing ones, engineered by Mr. Garson. For two hours he pitilessly subjected them to a searching quiz with psychological tests, conundrums, songs with a certain "hide-and-seek" rhymes, and other intelligence problems. The results were that outbursts of laughter over someone's predicament were outstanding. At 2:30 A.M. King Morpheus literally broke up the party.

Chivalrous Husbands

Men still are chivalrous. A lot of well-trained husbands didn't even enter, and so women won all the prizes in the dishwashing contest at the household show.—*Los Angeles Times*.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

1. You can get a very liberal policy in the NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL, without extra cost.
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3. It will take care of your Old Age and provide for your family when you are gone.
4. It costs very little—about \$21 a year for \$1,000 on age 25.
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You will gain nothing by delay. Better write or see me before it is "too late."

MARCUS L. KENNER
Eastern Special Agent
Office—100 West 21st St., New York.
Residence—200 West 11th St., New York.

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DETROIT CHAPTER, M. A. D.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1928

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Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Nathan Schwartz, 1042 Hoe Avenue, Bronx, New York, N. Y.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best protection in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, every first Monday of the month. Interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Evangelical Association of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant

Every Sunday

Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets.
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor. of Michigan.
Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 320 West Fort St., Detroit, Mich.
Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome. Merton A. Fielding, President; Harold Lundgren, Secretary.

Harlem Club of the Colored Deaf

215 West 133d St., New York City.

The object of the club is to promote its Social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.

Club room open every Saturday and Sunday nights. Regular meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club. William Nixon, President; Julius Anderson, Secretary, 853 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf Mutes

EVENTS FOR 1928
At MESSIAH CHURCH, 80 Greene Ave.
Near Clermont Ave., Brooklyn

July 29—Bus Ride to Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island.

August—Picnic.

September, Labor Day—Beach Party.

October 27—Hallowe'en Party.

November—Charity Ball.

December 29—Christmas Festival.

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INCORPORATED 1894

ROOM 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET,
CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club. Stated Meetings.....First Saturdays

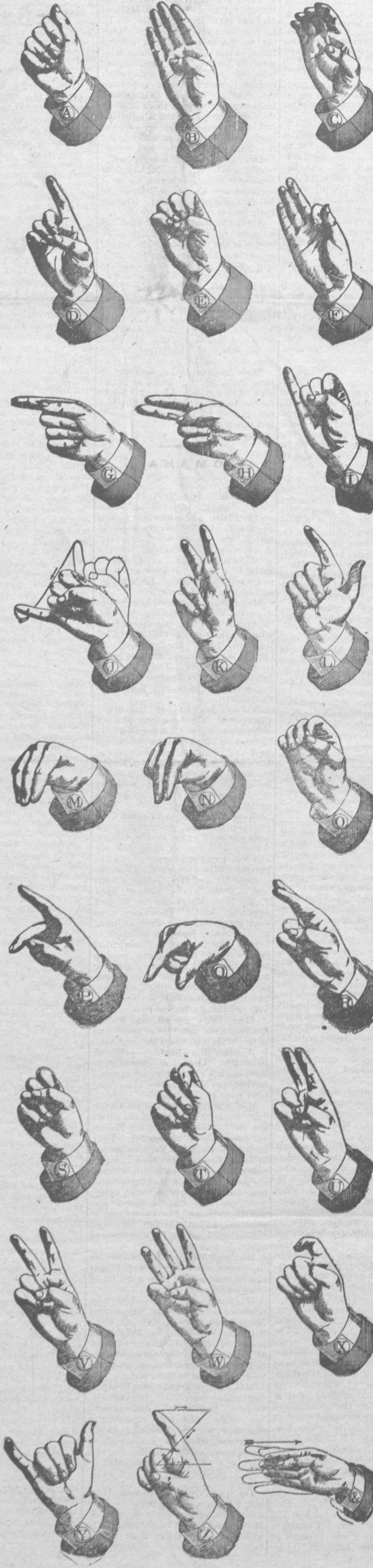
Gilbert O. Erickson, President
Charles B. Kemp, Secretary
4323 N. Richmond St.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions
Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays

Address all communications to the Secretary.
Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

RESERVED FOR
Brooklyn Division
ANNUAL NO. 23 BALL
• Arcadia Hall •
Saturday, February 16, 1928

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO THE
Picnic and Games

OF THE

BROOKLYN DIVISION NO. 23
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

AT

Ulmer Park Athletic Field

Foot of 25th Avenue, Brooklyn

ON

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 18

Subscription, 55 Cents

EVENTS FOR CASH PRIZES

BOYS	100 Yard Dash	1 mile run	50 Yard Dash	Ball-throwing
440 Yard Dash	1 mile relay	Rope-skipping		
Games for the kiddies				

WALTZ CONTEST IN THE EVENING

Directions to Park—B. M. T. West End trains to 25th Avenue

FIFTH ANNUAL PICNIC and GAMES

OF THE

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

AT

Hoffman's Casino Park

Havemeyer Avenue, Unionport
Bronx, N. Y.

ON

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, July 21, 1928

Admission - - - 50 Cents

\$25.00 Cash Prize for Bowling Contest

Prizes for games and popularity vote

COMMITTEE

Joseph Durant, Chairman	Edward Shannon, Vice-Chairman
Albert Lazar, Secretary	Edward Bonvillain, Treasurer

Directions—Bronx Subway to East 177 Street, take Unionport Car (180 Street Crosstown) to Havemeyer Avenue.

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NEW YORK

PICNIC AND OUTING

under the auspices of the

LUTHERAN GUILD FOR THE DEAF

at

FOREST PARK

opposite Greenhouse and Play Grounds

On Ground No. 4.

Myrtle and Woodhaven Boulevard,

Woodhaven, L. I.

on

Sunday, Aug. 12, 1928

MORNING AND AFTERNOON

Admission - - - 35 Cents

NEW GAMES AND PRIZES

DIRECTIONS TO PARK—At Chambers St., take Myrtle Ave. train to Wyckoff Ave. station then take Richmond Hill car or take Jamaica train to Woodhaven Blvd. Station then take bus to park.

Mr. JOHN NESGOOD, Chairman.

LET'S GO

RESERVED FOR

BROWNSVILLE SILENT CLUB

DECEMBER 15, 1928.

(PARTICULARS LATER)

RESERVED

MAR GR A F C L U B

NOVEMBER 17, 1928

RESERVED FOR

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

NOVEMBER 8, 9, 10, 1928.

RESERVED FOR

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1928.